

P. O, angl.

360⁷⁴



No.

24.

Dedicated, by Permission, to
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

CYMBELINE.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

Vignette Scene Print.	Designed by	Engraved by
<i>Imogen, &c.</i>	<i>Burney</i>	<i>Hall.</i>
<i>Posthumous, Mr. Pope</i>	<i>Brown</i>	<i>Thorntbwayte.</i>

BEING THE TWENTY-FOURTH NUMBER OF
WELLS's Edition of

SHAKSPERE's WORKS,

Printed complete from the Text of
SAMUEL JOHNSON and GEORGE STEEVENS.

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 The Fourteenth Number is TIMON of ATHENS, ditto.
 The Fifteenth Number is TROILUS and CRESSIDA, ditto.
 The Sixteenth Number is AS YOU LIKE IT, ditto.
 The Seventeenth Number is OTHELLO, ditto.
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 The Twentieth Number is KING LEAR, ditto.
 The Twenty-first Number is KING HENRY IV. Part I. ditto.
 The Twenty-Second Number is KING HENRY IV. Part II. ditto.
 The Twenty-Third Numb. is the TAMING OF THE SHREW, do.

To the PUBLIC.

THIS Work is intended to supercede the necessity for any other Edition whatever, as it will be calculated to gratify every class of Readers.—The Publisher intends that it shall not only be *the most perfect and beautiful Work* that Britain ever produced, but also, *the cheapest*; he humbly hopes for public Patronage, in proportion to the merits of the undertaking, and he respectfully solicits *particular attention* to the following circumstances.

The Plan is to print each Play, *singly*, and *entire*, from the last revisions of Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, and GEORGE STEEVENS, Esq. &c. with *their Characters* of the Play, and *the Origin of the Fable*, as an introductory Preface to each Play.

The Plays to be printed by Mess. FRYS and COUCHMAN, on *two sorts of paper*; the best of which will be *superfine writing-post quality*, on a new *Bourgeois Letter*, cast and *delicately dressed* on Purpose. Embellishments for this sort, will consist of a *characteristic Print*, representing a *spirited Likeness* of some *favourite Performer*, besides an original *Vignette Scene Print*, designed and engraved by the most eminent Artists in *London* and *Paris*. The Plays thus embellished and executed, will be sold at *one shilling and sixpence* each.

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VI.

331.

Act 5.

CYMBELINE.

Scene I.



M. Brown del.

Thornthwaite sculp

MR. POPE in POSTHUMUS.

Yea, bloody cloth I'll keep thee.

Printed for J. Bell British Library Strand London Feb^y 28th 1786.





CYMBELINE.

— take it; and hit
The innocent mansion of my love; my heart.
Act 3 *Scene 4*

Burney del.^o

Hall sculp.^t

Printed for J. Bell, British Library Str and London Mar^h 9. 1786 .

Bell's Edition.

CYMBELINE,

B Y

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the direction of,

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND,

Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

M DCC LXXXVI.

Well's Edition.

CYMBELINE

BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.

From Learning's temple, as he pass'd his door,
He saw the stage, thron'd with a MAJESTY more;
That change of many scenes, like the new
Exchanged world, and then imagin'd new;
I know not how, but when he thought upon
And passing Time told after him in vain;
The poet's smoke, pursuing Truth, comes in,
And scatters Passion, words, the brain.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the direction of,

JOHN BELL, Printer-Library, STRAND.

Bookbinder to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

MDCCLXXXIII.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE Fable AND Composition OF

C Y M B E L I N E.

MR. POPE supposed the story of this play to have been borrow'd from a novel of Boccace; but he was mistaken, as an imitation of it is found in an old story-book entitled, *Westward for Smelts*. This imitation differs in as many particulars from the Italian novelist, as from Shakspeare, though they concur in the more considerable parts of the fable. It was published in a quarto pamphlet 1603. This is the only copy of it which I have hitherto seen.

There is a late entry of it in the books of the Stationers' Company, Jan, 1619, where it is said to have been written by *Kitt of Kingston*.

STEEVENS.

This play has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes, but they are obtained at the expence of much incongruity. To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names, and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste eriticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation.

JOHNSON.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

CYMBELINE, *King of Britain.*

CLOTEN, *Son to the Queen by a former Husband.*

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, *a Gentleman married to the Princess.*

BELARIUS, *a banished Lord, disguised under the Name of Morgan.*

GUIDERIUS, } *disguised under the Names of Polydore and*
ARVIRAGUS, } *Cadwal, supposed Sons to Belarius.*

PHILARIO, *an Italian, Friend to Posthumus.*

IACHIMO, *Friend to Philario.*

CAIUS LUCIUS, *Ambassador from Rome.*

PISANIO, *Servant to Posthumus.*

A French Gentleman.

CORNELIUS, *a Physician.*

Two Gentlemen.

WOMEN.

Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.

IMOGEN, *Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.*

HELEN, *Woman to Imogen.*

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, a Tribune, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *sometimes in Britain; sometimes in Italy.*



CYMBELINE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

CYMBELINE's Palace in Britain. *Enter two Gentlemen.*

1 Gentleman.

You do not meet a man, but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers',
Still seem, as does the king's.

2 Gent. But what's the matter?

1 Gent. His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom,
whom

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son (a widow,
That late he married), hath refer'd herself
Unto a poor, but worthy gentleman: She's wedded:
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king 10
Be touch'd at very heart.

A i i j

2 Gent.

2 *Gent.* None but the king?

1 *Gent.* He, that hath lost her, too: so is the
queen,

That most desir'd the match: But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her 20
(I mean, that marry'd her—alack, good man!—
And therefore banish'd), is a creature such,
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.* You speak him far.

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself;
Crush him together, rather than unfold 20
His measure duly.

2 *Gent.* What's his name, and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: His father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He sery'd with glory and admir'd success;
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons; who, in the wars o'the time, 40
Dy'd

Dy'd with their swords in hand: for which, their
father

(Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:
Puts to him all the learning that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and 50
In his spring became a harvest: Liv'd in court
(Which rare it is to do), most prais'd, most lov'd:
A sample to the youngest; to the more mature,
A glass that featur'd them; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd—her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2 Gent. I honour him 60
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?

1 Gent. His only child.
He had two sons (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it), the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen; and to this hour, no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 Gent. How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years. 70

2 *Gent.* That a king's children should be so convey'd !

So slackly guarded ! And the search so slow,
That could not trace them !

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear : Here comes the gentleman,
The queen, and princess. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, IMOGEN, and Attendants.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me,
daughter, 80

After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you : you are my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate : marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him ; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post.

Post. Please your highness. 90
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril :—
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections ; though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [*Exit.*

Imo. O dissembling courtesy ! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds !—My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath ; but nothing
(Always reserv'd my holy duty), what
His rage can do on me : You must be gone ; 100
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes ; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen ! my mistress !
O, lady, weep no more ; lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man ! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one Philario's ; 110
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter ; thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you :
If the king come, I shall incur I know not

How

How much of his displeasure :—Yet I'll move him

[*Aside.*

To walk this way : I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends ;
Pays dear for my offences.

[*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The lothness to depart would grow : Adieu !

121

Imo. Nay, stay a little :
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love ;
This diamond was my mother's : take it, heart ;
But keep it 'till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How ! how ! another ?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death !—Remain, remain thou here

130

[*Putting on the Ring.*

While sense can keep it on ! And sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To you so infinite loss ; so, in our trifles
I still win of you : For my sake, wear this ;
It is a manacle of love ; I'll place it

[*Putting a Bracelet on her Arm.*

Upon this fairest prisoner.

Imo. O, the gods !—
When shall we see again ?

140

Enter

Enter CYMBELINE, and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!

If, after this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou dy'st: Away!
Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone.

[*Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

150

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my youth; thou heapest
A year's age on me!

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation; I
Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past
grace.

161

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my
queen!

Imo. O blest, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made
my throne
A seat for baseness.

Imo.

Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

170

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus:
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is
A man, worth any woman; over-buys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What!—art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, sir: Heaven restore me!—Would I
were

A neat-herd's daughter! and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Re-enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!

180

They were again together: you have done

[*To the Queen.*

Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your patience:—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace;—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some com-
fort

Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly!

[*Exit.*

Enter

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fie!—you must give way : 191

Here is your servant.—How now, sir, what news?

Pis. My lord, your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha!

No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't. 200

Imo. Your son's my father's friend: he takes his
part——

To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!——
I would they were in Africk both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back. Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command: He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When it pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been 210
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence, pray you, speak
with me :

B You

You shall, at least, go see my lord aboard :
For this time, leave me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords.

1 *Lord.* Sir I would advise you to shift a shirt ; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice : Where air comes out, air comes in : there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent. 221

Clot. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—
Have I hurt him ?

2 *Lord.* No, faith ; not so much as his patience.

[*Aside.*]

1 *Lord.* Hurt him ? his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt : it is a thorough-fare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2 *Lord.* His steel was in debt ; it went o' the back-side the town. [*Aside.*]

Clot. The villain would not stand me. 230

2 *Lord.* No ; but he fled forward still, toward your face. [*Aside.*]

1 *Lord.* Stand you ! You have land enough of your own : but he added to your having ; gave you some ground.

2 *Lord.* As many inches as you have oceans :
Puppies ! [*Aside.*]

Clot. I would, they had not come between us.

2 *Lord.*

2 Lord. So would I, 'till you had measur'd how long a fool you were upon the ground. [Aside.

Clot. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me! 242

2 Lord. If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd. [Aside.

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 Lord. She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. [Aside.

Clot. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there had been some hurt done! 251

2 Lord. I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [Aside.

Clot. You'll go with us?

1 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Clot. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my lord, [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

IMOGEN'S Apartments. Enter IMOGEN, and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,

And question'dst every sail: if he should write,

And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost 260

As offer'd mercy is. What was the last

B i j

That

That he spake to thee?

Pis. 'Twas, *His queen, his queen!*

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—

And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye, or ear,
Distinguish him from others, he did keep 270
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd
them, but
To look upon him; 'till the diminution 280
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, follow'd him, 'till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours, 290
Such

Such thoughts, and such ; or I could make him
swear,

The she's of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour ; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him ; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

300

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dis-
patch'd.—

I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*Rome. An Apartment in PHILARIO'S House. Enter
PHILARIO, IACHIMO, and a Frenchman.*

Iach. Believe it, sir : I have seen him in Britain ;
he was then of a crescent note : expected to prove so
worthy, as since he has been allowed the name of :
but I could then have look'd on him without the help
of admiration ; though the catalogue of his endow-

B i i j

ments

ments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items. 312

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd, than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France : we had very many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter (wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her value, than his own), words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter. 322

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. Ay, and the approbations of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him ; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you ? How creeps acquaintance ? 330

Phil. His father and I were soldiers together ; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life !—

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton : Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman ; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine : How worthy he is,

is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing. 340

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature. 349

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my very action to be guided by other's experiences, but, upon my mended judgment (if I offend not to say it is mended), my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference? 361

French. Safely, I think; 'twas a contention in publick, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation), his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified,

qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France. 370

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provok'd as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend. 378

Iach. As fair, and as good (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison), had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Brittany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of your's outlustres many I have beheld, I could not believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle. 390

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach.

Iach. You may wear her in title your's : but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too : so, of your brace of unprisable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual ; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last. 403

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplish'd a courtier, to convince the honour of my mistress ; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves ; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me ; we are familiar at first. 412

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress : make her go back, even to the yielding ; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereupon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring ; which, in my opinion, o'er-values it something : But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation : and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world. 423

Post. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a persuasion ; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more; a punishment too.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted. 432

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you chuse to assail?

Iach. Your's; who in constancy you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of her's, which you imagine so reserv'd.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it. 443

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a milllion a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue: you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear. 451

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond 'till your return:—Let there be covenants drawn between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phil.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one:—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are your's; so is your diamond too: If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are your's;—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

465

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced (you not making it appear otherwise), for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

474

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [Exeunt *Post.* and *IACH.*

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phil. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

CYMBELINE's Palace. Enter Queen, Ladies, and
CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather
those flowers;

Make haste: who has the note of them?

1 Lady. I, madam.

Queen. Dispatch.—

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Now, master doctor; have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are,
madam:

But I beseech your grace (without offence;
My conscience bids me ask), wherefore you have 490
Commanded of me those most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But, though slow, deadly?

Queen. I wonder, doctor,

Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so,
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded
(Unless thou think'st me devilish), is't not meet 500
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging (but none human),
To try the vigour of them, and apply

Allayments

Allayments to their act ; and by them gather
Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart :
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious. 510

Queen. O, content thee.—

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flattering rascal ; upon him [*Aside.*
Will I first work : he's for his master,
And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio ?—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended ;
Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam ;
But you shall do no harm. [*Aside.*

Queen. Hark thee, a word.— [*To* PISANIO.

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She doth think,
she has 521

Strange lingering poisons : I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature : Those, she has,
Will stupify and dull the sense a while :
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and
dogs ;

Then afterward up higher : but there is
No danger in what shew of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd 530
With a most false effect ; and I the truer,

So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou
think, in time

She will not quench; and let instructions enter

Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:

When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,

I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then 540

As great as is thy master: greater; for

His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name

Is at last gasp: Return he cannot, nor

Continue where he is: to shift his being,

Is to exchange one misery with another;

And every day, that comes, comes to decay

A day's work in him: What shalt thou expect,

To be depender on a thing that leans?

Who cannot be new built; nor has no friends,

[*The Queen drops a Phial: PISANIO takes it up.*

So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up 550

Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:

It is a thing I make, which hath the king

Five times redeem'd from death; I do not know

What is more cordial:—Nay, I pry'thee, take it;

It is an earnest of a further good

That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how

The case stands with her; do't, as from thyself.

Think what a chance thou changest on; but think

Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,

Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the king
 To any shape of thy preferment, such 561
 As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
 That set thee on to this desert, am bound
 To load thy merit richly. Call my women:

[Exit PISANIO.]

Think on my words.—A sly and constant knave;
 Not to be shak'd: the agent for his master;
 And the remembrancer of her, to hold
 'The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him that,
 Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 Of leigers for her sweet; and which she, after, 570
 Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

Re-enter PISANIO, and Ladies.

To taste of too.—So, so;—well done, well done:
 The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
 Bear to my closet:—Fare thee well, Pisanio;
 Think on my words. [Exeunt Queen, and Ladies.]

Pis. And shall do:

But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
 I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you. [Exit.]

SCENE VII.

IMOGEN's Apartment. Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
 A foolish suitor to a wedded lady, 580
 Cij That

That hath her husband banish'd ;—O, that husband !
 My supreme crown of grief ! and those repeated
 Vexations of it ! Had I been thief-stolen,
 As my two brothers, happy ! but most miserable
 Is the desire that's glorious : Blessed be those,
 How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
 Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be ? Fie !

Enter PISANIO, and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,
 Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam ? 590
 The worthy Leonatus is in safety.
 And greets your highness dearly. [Gives a Letter.

Imo. Thanks, good sir ;
 You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich !
 If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare, [Aside.
 She is alone the Arabian bird ; and I
 Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend !
 Arm me, audacity, from head to foot !
 Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight ; 600
 Rather, directly fly.

IMOGEN reads.

— *He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I
 am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as
 you value your trust.*

LEONATUS.

So

So far I read aloud :
 But even the very middle of my heart
 Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
 You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
 Have words to bid you ; and shall find it so, 610
 In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—
 What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
 [*Aside.*

To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
 Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
 The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
 Upon the number'd beach? and can we not
 Partition make with spectacles so precious
 'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration? 620

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye ; for apes and mon-
 keys,
 'Twixt two such she's, would chatter this way, and
 Contemn with mows the other : Nor i' the judg-
 ment ;
 For idiots, in this case of favour, would
 Be wisely definite : Nor i' the appetite ;
 Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
 Should make desire vomit emptiness,
 Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will 630
 (That satiate yet unsatisfy'd desire,
 That tub both fill'd and running), ravening first

The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well:—'Beseech you, sir,
[To PISANIO.]

Desire my man's abode where I did leave him:
He's strange, and peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome.

640

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, 'beseech
you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.

650

There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean) laughs from's free lungs,
cries, O!

*Can my sides hold, to think, that man—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be—will his free hours languish*

For

For assur'd bondage? 660

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laughter.

It is a recreation to be by,

And hear him mock the Frenchman: But, heavens know,

Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: But yet heaven's bounty towards him might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;

In you—which I account his, beyond all talents—

Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound 670

To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?

You look on me; What wreck discern you in me

Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What!

To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace

I' the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir, 680

Deliver with more openess your answers

To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,

I was about to say, enjoy your—But

It is an office of the gods to venge it,

Not mine to speak on't.

Imo.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me ; Pray you
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do : For certainties 690
Either are past remedies ; or timely knowing,
The remedy then born), discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon ; this hand, whose touch
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty ; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here : should I (damn'd then)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs 700
That mount the Capitol ; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood, as
With labour) then lie peeping in an eye,
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow ; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I, 710
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change ; but 'tis your graces
That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach.

Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart

With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
Would make the greatest king double! to be part-
ner'd

With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition 720
Which your own coffers yield! with diseases'd ventures,
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff,
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;
Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd!

How should I be reveng'd? If this be true
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse), if it be true, 730
How should I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets;
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despight, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure:
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio! 740

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou

Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
 For such an end thou seek'st ; as base, as strange.
 Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
 From thy report, as thou from honour ; and
 Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
 Thee and the devil alike :—What ho, Pisanio !—
 The king my father shall be made acquainted 750
 Of thy assault : if he shall think it fit,
 A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
 As in a Romish stew, and to expound
 His beastly mind to us ; he hath a court
 He little cares for, and a daughter whom
 He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio !

Iach. O happy Leonatus ! I may say ;
 The credit that thy lady hath of thee,
 Deserves thy trust ; and thy most perfect goodness
 Her assur'd credit !—Blessed live you long ! 760
 A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
 Country call'd his ! and you his mistress, only
 For the most worthiest fit ! Give me your pardon.
 I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
 Were deeply rooted ; and shall make your lord,
 That which he is, new o'er : And he is one
 The truest manner'd ; such a holy witch,
 That he enchants societies unto him ;
 Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends. 770

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god :
 He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
 More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,

Most

Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know, cannot err: The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon. 780

Imo. All's well, sir: Take my power i' the court
for your's.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot,
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord
(The best feather of our wing), have mingled sums,
To buy a present for the emperor: 790

Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 'Tis plate, of rare device; and jewels,
Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage; May it please you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly:

And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber. 800

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold

To

To send them to you, only for this night ;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech ; or I shall short my word,
By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains ; 810
But not away to-morrow ?

Iach. O, I must madam :
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night :
I have out-stood my time ; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me ; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you : You are very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

CYMBELINE's Palace. *Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords.*

Cloten.

WAS there ever man had such luck ! when I
kiss'd the jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away ! I
had an hundred pound on't : and then a whoreson
jackanapes must take me up for swearing ; as if I
borrow'd

borrow'd my oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 *Lord*. What got he by that ? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 *Lord*. If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out. [*Aside*.

Clot. When a gentleman is dispos'd to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths : Ha ? 12

2 *Lord*. No, my lord ; nor crop the ears of them. [*Aside*.

Clot. Whoreson dog !—I give him satisfaction ;
Would, he had been one of my rank !

2 *Lord*. To have smelt like a fool. [*Aside*.

Clot. I am not vex'd more at any thing in the earth—A pox on't ! I had rather not be so noble as I am ; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother : every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match. 22

2 *Lord*. You are a cock and a capon too ; and you crow, cock, with your comb on. [*Aside*.

Clot. Sayest thou ?

1 *Lord*. It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Clot. No, I know that : but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord*. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only. 30

Clot. Why, so I say.

1 *Lord*. Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night.

Clot. A stranger! and I not know on't!

2 Lord. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [*Aside.*

1 Lord. There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clot. Leonatus! a banish'd rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger? 41

1 Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clot. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

1 Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clot. Not easily, I think.

2 Lord. You are a fool granted; therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate. [*Aside.*

Clot. Come, I'll go see this Italian: What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go. 51

2 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.
[*Exeunt CLOTEN, and first Lord.*

That such a crafty devil as his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer, 60
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act

Of

Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
 The walls of thy dear honour, keep unshak'd
 That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand,
 To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land!

[Exit.

SCENE II.

*A Bed-Chamber; in one Part of it a Trunk. IMOGEN
 reading in her Bed; a Lady attending.*

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

70

Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are
 weak:—

Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed:
 Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
 And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
 I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[Exit Lady.

To your protection I commend me, gods!
 From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
 Guard me, beseech you!

[Sleeps.

[IACHIMO, from the Trunk.

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd
 sense

Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin thus
 Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd

80

Dij

The

The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
 How bravely thou becom'st thy bed ! fresh lily !
 And whiter than the sheets ! That I might touch !
 But kiss ; one kiss !—Rubies unparagon'd,
 How dearly they do't !—'Tis her breathing that
 Perfumes the chamber thus : The flame o' the taper
 Bows toward her ; and would under-peep her lids,
 To see the enclosed lights, now canopy'd
 Under these windows : White and azure ; lac'd 90
 With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design ?
 To note the chamber :—I will write all down :—
 Such, and such pictures :—There the window :—

Such

The adornment of her bed ;—The arras, figures ?
 Why, such, and such :—And the contents o' the
 story—

Ah, but some natural notes about her body
 (Above ten thousand meaner moveables
 Would testify), to enrich mine inventory.
 O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her !
 And be her sense but as a monument, 100
 Thus in a chapel lying !—Come off, come off ;—

[*Taking off her Bracelet.*]

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard !—
 'Tis mine ; and this will witness outwardly,
 As strongly as the conscience does within,
 To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
 A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
 In the bottom of a cowslip : Here's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make : this secret

Will

Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and
ta'en

The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what
end? 110

Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late,
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down

Where Philomel gave up—I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.

Swift, swift, you dragons of the night! that
dawning

May bare the raven's eye: I lodge in fear:
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[Clock strikes.

One, two, three:—Time, time!

[Goes into the Trunk: the Scene closes.

SCENE III.

*Another Room in the Palace. Enter CLOTEN, and Two
Lords.*

1 Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man in
loss, the most coldest that ever turn'd up ace. 121

Clot. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 Lord. But not every man patient, after the noble
temper of your lordship; You are most hot, and fu-
rious, when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any man into courage: If I
D i i j could

could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough: It's almost morning, is't not?

1 Lord. Day, my lord. 129

Clot. I would this musick would come: I am advis'd to give her musick o' mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it—and then let her consider.

S O N G.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,

And Phæbus 'gins arise,

140

His steeds to water at those springs

On chalic'd flowers that lies;

And winking Mary-buds begin

To ope their golden eyes;

With every thing that pretty bin:

My lady sweet, arise;

Arise, arise!

So, get you gone: If this penetrate, I will consider your musick the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[Exeunt Musicians.]

Enter

Enter CYMBELINE, and Queen.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the king. 152

Clot. I am glad, I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early: He cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?

Will she not forth?

Clot. I have assail'd her with musicks, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new; 161
She hath not yet forgot him; some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's your's.

Queen. You are most bound to the king:
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter: Frame yourself
To orderly solicits; and be friended
With apthness of the season: make denials
Increase your services: so seem, as if 170
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismissal tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clot. Senseless? not so.

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome ;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now ;
But that's no fault of his : We must receive him 180
According to the honour of his sender ;
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,
We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen, and us ; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our
queen. *[Exeunt.]*

Clot. If she be up, I'll speak with her ; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho !—
[Knocks.]

I know her women are about her ; What
If I do line one of their hands ? 'Tis gold 190
Which buys admittance ; oft it doth ; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer : and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief ;
Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man : What
Can it not do, and undo ? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me ; for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave. *[Knocks.]*

Enter

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks ? 200

Clot. A gentleman.

Lady. No more ?

Clot. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as your's,

Can justly boast of : What's your lordship's pleasure ?

Clot. Your lady's person : Is she ready ?

Lady. Ay, to keep her chamber.

Clot. There's gold for you ; sell me your good report,

Lady. How ! my good name ? or to report of you
What I shall think is good ?—The princess—— 211

Enter IMOGEN.

Clot. Good-morrow, fairest sister : Your sweet
hand.

Imo. Good-morrow, sir : You lay out too much
pains

For purchasing but trouble : the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clot. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me :
If you swear still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not. 220

Clot. This is no answer.

Imo.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being
silent,

I would not speak. I pray you, spare me : faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness : one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clot. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin :
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clot. Do you call me fool ? 230

Imo. As I am mad, I do :
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad,
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal : and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it I care not for you ;
And am so near the lack of charity
(To accuse myself), I hate you : which I had rather
You felt, than make't my boast. 240

Clot. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court), it is no contract, none :
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties
(Yet who, than he, more mean ?) to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot ;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by 250

The

The consequence o' the crown ; and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Prophane fellow !

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom : thou wert dignify'd enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be stil'd 260
The under-hangman of his kingdom ; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clot. The south-fog rot him !

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clip'd his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio ?

Enter PISANIO.

Clot. His garment ? Now, the devil——

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently :—

Clot. His garment ? 271

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool ;
Frighted, and anger'd worse :—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm ; it was thy master's : shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
I saw't this morning : confident I am,

Last

Last night 'twas on mine arm ; I kissed it :
 I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord 280
 That I kiss aught but him.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so : go, and search. [Exit PISANIO.

Clot. You have abus'd me :—

His meanest garment ?

Imo. Ay ; I said so, sir :

If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clot. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too :

She's my good lady ; and will conceive, I hope, 290

But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,

To the worst of discontent. [Exit.

Clot. I'll be reveng'd :—

His meanest garment ?—Well. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Rome. An Apartment in PHILARIO's House. Enter
 POSTHUMUS, and PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir : I would, I were so sure
 To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
 Will remain her's.

Phil. What means do you make to him ?

Post. Not any ; but abide the change of time :

Quake in the present winter's state, and wish 300

That warmer days would come : In these fear'd hopes,

I barely gratify your love ; they failing,

I must

I must die much your debtor.

Phil. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do his commission thoroughly: And, I think,
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief. 310

Post. I do believe
(Statist though I am none, nor like to be),
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline
(Now mingled with their courages) will make known
To their approvers, they are people, such 321
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phil. See! Iachimo!

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phil. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady 330

Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Post. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then, 340
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by. 350

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant: Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour, 360
Together

Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make it apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is your's: If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances, 370
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber
(Where, I confess, I slept not; but, profess,
Had that was well worth watching), It was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story 380
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride: A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value; which, I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was——

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other. 390

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; out-went her,
Motion and breath left out. 400

Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubims is fretted: Her andirons
(I had forget them) were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honour!—
Let it be granted, you have seen all this (and praise
Be given to your remembrance) the description 411
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can, [*Pulling out the Bracelet.*
Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel: See!—
And now 'tis up again: It must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove!—
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her? 420

Iach.

Iach. Sir (I thank her) that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me,
And said, she priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no! 'tis true. Here, take this
too; [Gives the Ring.

It is a basilisk unto mine eye, 430
Kills me to look on't;—Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance;
love,

Where there's another man: The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing:—
O, above measure false!

Phil. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her. 441

Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by't:—Back my ring;—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am sure,

She could not lose it: her attendants are,
All sworn, and honourable:—They induc'd to steal
it!

And by a stranger?—No; he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this—she hath bought the name of whore thus
dearly.—

There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phil. Sir, be patient:

This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of—

Post. Never talk on't:
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing), lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: By my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare you arithmetick: never count the
turns;
Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn—

Post. No swearing:—

If

If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-
meal! 480

I will go there, and do't i'the court; before
Her father:—I'll do something— [Exit.

Phil. Quite besides
The government of patience!—You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Another Room in PHILARIO's House. Enter POST-
HUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man, which I 490
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: Yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The non-pareil of this.—Oh vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it with
A pudency

A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought
her

As chaste as unsunn'd snow:—O, all the devils;—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour——was't not?— 501
Or less—at first: Perchance he spoke not; but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cry'd, *oh!* and mounted: found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: Be't lying, note it, 509
The woman's; flattering, her's; deceiving, her's;
Lust and rank thoughts, her's, her's; revenges, her's;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
Why, her's, in part, or all; but, rather, all:
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them:—Yet 'tis greater skill 520
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

CYMBELINE's Palace. Enter, in State, CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, and Lords, at one Door; and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS, and Attendants.

Cymbeline.

Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes; and will to ears, and tongues,
Be theme, and hearing ever) was in this Britain,
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle
(Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it), for him,
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd. 10

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clot. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from us, to resume
We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors; together with 20
The natural bravery of your isle; which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in

With

With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters ;
 With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
 But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest

Cæsar made here ; but made not here his brag
 Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame* : with shame
 (The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried
 From off our coast, twice beaten ; and his shipping
 (Poor ignorant baubles !) on our terrible seas, 30
 Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
 As easily 'gainst our rocks : For joy whereof,
 The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
 (O, giglet fortune !) to master Cæsar's sword,
 Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
 And Britons strut with courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid :
 Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time ;
 and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars : other
 of them may have crook'd noses ; but, to own such
 strait arms, none. 41

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us can gripe as
 hard as Cassibelan : I do not say, I am one ; but I
 have a hand — Why tribute ? why should we pay
 tribute ? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a
 blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay
 him tribute for light ; else, sir, no more tribute, pray
 you now.

Cym. You must know, 50
 'Till the injurious Roman did extort

This

This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition

(Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world), against all colour, here
Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be; we do. Say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our laws; whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and franchise,
60

Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made
our laws,

Who was the first of Britain, which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
(Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than
Thyself domestic officers) thine enemy:
Receive it from me then:—War, and confusion, 70
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted:—Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him: of him I gather'd honour;
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect,

That

That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
 Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent 80
 Which, not to read, would shew the Britons cold:
 So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clot. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pas-
 time with us a day, or two, or longer: If you seek
 us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our
 salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is
 your's; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall
 fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir. 90

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
 All the remain is, welcome. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Another Room. Enter PISANIO.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
 What monsters her accuse?—Leonatus!
 O, master! what a strange infection
 Is fallen into thy ear? What false Italian
 (As poisonous tongu'd, as handed) hath prevail'd
 On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No:
 She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
 More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults 100
 As would take in some virtue.—O my master!
 Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
 Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?

Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
 Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
 If it be so to do good service, never
 Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
 That I should seem to lack humanity,
 So much as this fact comes to? *Do't: The letter*

[Reading.

That I have sent her, by her own command, 110
*Shall give thee opportunity:—*O damn'd paper!
 Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble!
 Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st
 So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? *Leonatus?*
 O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
 That knew the stars, as I his characters; 120
 He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
 Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
 Of my lord's health, of his content—yet not,
 That we two are asunder, let that grieve him!
 (Some griefs are medicinal; that is one of them,
 For it doth physic love)—of his content,
 All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—Blest be,
 You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
 And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;

F

Though

Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet 130
 You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods!

[Reading.

*Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in
 his dominions, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the
 dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes.
 Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven:
 What your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow.
 So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his
 vow, and your, increasing in love,*

Leonatus Posthumus.

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
 He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me 141
 How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
 May plod it in a week, why may not I
 Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio
 (Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st—
 O, let me 'bate—but not like me:—yet long'st—
 But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
 For mine's beyond, beyond), say, and speak thick
 (Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
 To the smothering of the sense), how far it is 150
 To this same blessed Milford: And, by the way,
 Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
 To inherit such a haven: But, first of all,
 How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap
 That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
 'Till

'Till our return, to excuse :—but, first, how get hence :

Why should excuse be born or e'r begot?

We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,

How many score of miles may we well ride

'Twixt hour and hour ? 160

Pis. One score, 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you ; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could never go so slow : I have heard of riding
wagers,

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf : — But this is fool-
ery :—

Go, bid my woman feign a sickness ; say
She'll home to her father : and provide me, presently,
A riding suit ; no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife. 170

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues ; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee ;
Do as I bid thee : There's no more to say ;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

*Changes to a Forest, in Wales, with a Cave. Enter
BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: This gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows
you

To morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through 181
And keep their impious turbands on, without
Good-morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport: Up to yon hill,
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow, 190
That it is place, which lessens, and sets off.
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;

200

Richer,

Richer, than doing nothing for a babe;
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

Guid. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor
unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest; nor know
not

What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known; well corresponding
With your stiff age: but, unto us, it is 210
A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arr. What should we speak of,
When we are as old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing;
We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat: 220
Our valour is, to chace what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that

The fear's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger 230
I' the name of fame, and honour; which dies i' the
search;

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
Must curt'sy at the censure:—O, boys, this story
The world may read in me: My body's mark'd
With Roman swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: Then was I as a tree, 240
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Guid. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you
oft)

But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans: so,
Follow'd my banishment; and, these twenty years,
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world:
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; pay'd 252
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the moun-
tains;

This is not hunters' language: He, that strikes

The

The venison first, shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the vallies.

[*Exeunt GUID. and ARV.*]

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature! 260
These boys know little, they are sons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think, they are mine: and, though train'd up
thus meanly

I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore—
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell 270
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say—*Thus mine enemy fell;*
And thus I set my foot on his neck; even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal
(Once, Arviragus) in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rouz'd!—
O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon, 281
At three, and two years old, I stole these babes;
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as

Thou

Thou rest'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
 Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their
 mother,
 And every day do honour to her grave:
 Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
 They take for natural father. The game is up.
[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Near Milford-Haven. Enter PISANIO, and IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse,
 the place
 Was near at hand:—Ne'er long'd my mother so 290
 To see me first, as I have now:—Pisanio! Man!
 Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
 That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that
 sigh
 From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
 Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
 Beyond self-explication: Put thyself
 Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
 Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?
 Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
 A look untender? If it be summer news, 300
 Smile to't before: if winterly, thou need'st
 But keep that countenance still.—My husband's
 hand!
 That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-crafted him,
And

And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man; thy
tongue

May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;

And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

309

IMOGEN reads.

Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath play'd the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of her's. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose: Where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.

319

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the
paper

Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it, to be false?

To

To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
 To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge
 nature, 330

To break it with a fearful dream of him,
 And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed?
 Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness:—Iachimo,
 Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
 Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
 Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,
 Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:
 Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion; 340
 And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
 I must be ript:—to pieces with me!—O,
 Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
 By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
 Put on for villany; not born, where't grows;
 But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
 Were, in his time, thought false: and Sinon's weep-
 ing

Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity 350
 From most true wretchedness: So, thou, Posthumus,
 Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
 Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and perjur'd,
 From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest:
 Do thou thy master's bidding: When thou see'st him,
 A little witness my obedience: Look!

I draw

I draw the sword myself : take it ; and hit
 The innocent mansion of my love, my heart :
 Fear not ; 'tis empty of all things, but grief :
 Thy master is not there ; who was, indeed, 360
 The riches of it : Do his bidding ; strike.
 Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause ;
 But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument !
 Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die ;
 And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
 No servant of thy master's : Against self-slaughter
 There is a prohibition so divine,
 That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my
 heart ;—— 370

Something's afore't :—Soft, soft ; we'll no defence ;
 Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here ?
 The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
 All turn'd to heresy ? Away, away,
 Corrupters of my faith ! you shall no more
 Be stomachers to my heart ! Thus may poor fools
 Believe false teachers : Though those that are be-
 tray'd

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
 Stands in worse case of woe.

And thou, Posthumus, that diddest set up 380
 My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
 And mad'st me put into contempt the suits
 Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
 It is no act of common passage, but

A strain

A strain of rareness : and I grieve myself,
 To think, when thou shalt be dis-edg'd by her
 That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
 Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, dispatch :
 The lamb entreats the butcher : Where's thy knife ?
 Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding, 390
 When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady !
 Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
 I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then
 Did'st undertake it ? Why hast thou abus'd
 So many miles, with a pretence ? this place ?
 Mine action and thine own ? our horses' labour ? 400
 The time inviting thee ? the perturb'd court,
 For my being absent ; whereunto I never
 Purpose to return ? Why hast thou gone so far,
 To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
 The elected deer before thee ?

Pis. But to win time
 To lose so bad employment : in the which
 I have consider'd of a course ; Good lady,
 Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary ; speak : 410
 I have heard, I am a strumpet ; and mine ear,
 Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
 Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,

I thought

I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like;

Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither:

But if I were as wise as honest, then

My purpose would prove well. It cannot be, 420

But that my master is abus'd:

Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,

Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life.

I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him

Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded

I should do so: You shall be miss'd at court,

And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow, 430

What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?

Or in my life what comfort, when I am

Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to the court——

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado

With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing;

That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me

As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,

Then not in Britain must you bide. 440

Imo. Where then?

Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,

Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume

Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;

In a great pool, a swan's nest : Pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow : Now, if you could wear a mind 450
Dark as your fortune is ; and but disguise
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger ; you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view : yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus ; so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means !
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't, 460
I would adventure.

Pis. Well, then here's the point :
You must forget to be a woman ; change
Command into obedience ; fear, and niceness
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self), into a waggish courage ;
Ready in gybes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weazel : nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart ! 470
Alack, no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan ; and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo.

Imo. Nay, be brief :
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit
(’Tis in my cloke-bag), doublet, hat, hose, all 480
That answer to them : Would you in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, ’fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy (which you’ll make him
know,
If that his head have ear in musick), doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you ; for he’s honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad
You have me, rich ; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supplyment. 490

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Pr’ythee, away :
There’s more to be consider’d ; but we’ll even
All that good time will give us : This attempt
I am soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince’s courage. Away, I pr’ythee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell :
Lest, being miss’d, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box ; I had it from the queen ; 500
What’s in’t is precious : if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm’d at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,

G i j

And

And fit you to your manhood :—May the gods
Direct you to the best !

Imo. Amen : I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*The Palace of CYMBELINE. Enter CYMBELINE,
Queen, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, and Lords.*

Cym. Thus far ; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote : I must from hence ;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy. 510

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke ; and for ourself
To shew less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you !

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office ;
The due of honour in no point omit :— 520
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clot. Receive it friendly : but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner : Fare you well.

Cym.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
'Till he have crost the Severn.—Happiness!

[*Exit LUCIUS, &c.*

Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us,
That we have given him cause. 530

Clot. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly. 540

Cym. Our expectation that it should be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: She looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty;
We have noted it.—Call her before us; for
We have been too light in sufferance.

[*Exit a Servant.*

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd 550
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: She's a lady

So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter the Servant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Serv. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud of noise we make. 560

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that, which I fear,
Prove false! [Exit.

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king. 571

Clot. That man of her's, Pisanio her old servant,
I have not seen these two days. [Exit.

Queen. Go, look after.—
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!—
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown 580
To her desir'd Posthumus: Gone she is

To

To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son?

Clot. 'Tis certain, she is fled:
Go in, and cheer the king; he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better: May
This night forestall him of the coming day! 590
[*Exit Queen.*]

Clot. I love, and hate her: for she's fair and
royal;
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all: I love her therefore; But
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare, is chok'd; and, in that point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools 600

Enter PISANIO.

Shall—Who is here? What! are you packing,
sirrah?

Come hither: Ah, you precious pandar! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clot. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn. 611

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.

Clot. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home,
What is become of her?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clot. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once, 620
At the next word—No more of worthy lord—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clot. Let's see't:—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish.
She's far enough; and what he learns by this, } [*Aside.*
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clot. Humh! 632

Pis. I'll write to my lord, she's dead. O, Imogen,
[*Aside.*
Safe

Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!

Clot. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clot. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't.—Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service; undergo those employments, wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry—that is, what villany soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it, directly and truly—I would think thee an honest man; thou should'st neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment. 644

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clot. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou can'st not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clot. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clot. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go. 658

Pis. I shall, my lord. [Exit.

Clot. Meet thee at Milford-Haven:—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon:—Even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would, these garments were come. She said upon a time

time (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart), that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: First kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body—and when my lust hath dined (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so prais'd), to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despis'd me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge. 676

Re-enter PISANIO, with the Clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clot. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clot. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford; Would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true.

[*Exit.*

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee, Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true.—To Milford go, 690

And

And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed
Be crost with slowness; labour be his meed! [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

The Forest and Cave. Enter IMOGEN, in Boy's Clothes.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tir'd myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain top Pisanio shew'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove, I think,
Foundations fly the wretched: such, I mean, 700
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told
me,
I could not miss my way: Will poor folk lie,
That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial? Yes: no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse in fullness
Is sorer, than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord!
Thou art one o' the false ones: Now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food.—But what is this? 710
Here is a path to it: 'Tis some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.

Plenty,

Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards ; hardness ever
 Of hardness is mother.—Ho ! who's here ?
 If any thing that's civil, speak ; if savage,
 Take, or lend.—Ho !—No answer ? then I'll enter.
 Best draw my sword ; and if mine enemy
 But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
 Such a foe, good heavens ! — [She goes into the Cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman,
 and 721
 Are master of the feast : Cadwal, and I,
 Will play the cook, and servant ; 'tis our match :
 The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
 But for the end it works to, Come ; our stomachs
 Will make what's homely, savoury : Weariness
 Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
 Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
 Poor house, that keep'st thyself !

Guid. I am thoroughly weary. 730

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Guid. There is cold meat i' the cave ; we'll brouze
 on that,

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay ; come not in :— [Looking in.

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
 Here were a fairy.

Guid. What's the matter, sir ?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel ! or, if not,

An

An earthly paragon !—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy !

740

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not :
Before I enter'd here, I call'd ; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took : Good
troth,
I have stolen nought ; nor would not, though I had
found
Gold strew'd o'the floor. Here's money for my meat :
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal ; and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Guid. Money, youth ?

Arr. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt !
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

750

Imo. I see, you are angry :
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have dy'd, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound ?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What is your name ?

Imo. Fidele, sir : I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy ; he embark'd at Milford ;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in this offence.

760

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls ; nor measure our good minds

H

By

By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
 'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
 Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—
 Boys, bid him welcome.

Guid. Were you a woman, youth,
 I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty
 I bid for you, as I'd buy. 771

Arv. I'll mak't my comfort,
 He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:—
 And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
 After long absence, such is your's:—Most welcome!
 Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends!
 If brothers?—'Would it had been so, that
 they
 Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
 Been less; and so more equal ballasting
 To thee, Posthumus. } [*Aside.*

Bel. He wrings at some distress. 782

Guid. 'Would, I could free't!

Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
 What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys. [*Whispering.*

Imo. Great men,
 That had a court no bigger than this cave,
 That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
 Which their own conscience seal'd them (laying by
 That nothing gift of differing multitudes), 791
 Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
 I'd change my sex to be companion with them,

Since Leonatus false——

Bel. It shall be so :

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. —Fair youth, come in :
Discourse is heavy, fasting ; when we have supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Guid. Pray, draw near. 800

Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark,
less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

Rome. Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1 *Sen.* This is the tenor of the emperor's writ ;
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians ;
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fallen-off Britons ; that we do incite
The gentry to this business: He creates 810
Lucius pro-consul : and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar !

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces ?

2 *Sen.* Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia ?

1 *Sen.* With those legions

Hij

Which

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be suppliant : The words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time 320
Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Forest, near the Cave. Enter CLOTEN.

Cloten.

I AM near to the place where they should meet, if
Pisanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his gar-
ments serve me ! Why should his mistress, who was
made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too ?
the rather (saving reverence of the word) for, 'tis
said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I
must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself
(for it is not vain-glory, for a man and his glass to
confer ; in his own chamber, I mean) the lines of
my body are as well drawn as his ; no less young,
more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond
him in the advantage of the time, above him in
birth, alike conversant in general services, and more
remarkable in single oppositions : yet this imperse-
verant thing loves him in my despight. What mor-
tality is ! Posthumus, thy head, which is now grow-
ing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off ;
thy

thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father, who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is ty'd up safe: Out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.

The Cave. Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.

Bel. You are not well: remain here in the cave; We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. Brother, stay here: *[To IMOGEN.]*
Are we not brothers? 39

Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Guid. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not; yet I am not well:
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, ere sick: So please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me: Society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,

H i i j

Since 40

Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here :
I'll rob none but myself ; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Guid. I love thee ; I have spoke it :
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What ? how ? how ?

Aru. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault : I know not why, 50
I love this youth ; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason : the bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
My father, not this youth.

Bel. O noble strain !
O worthiness of nature ! breed of greatness !
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base :
Nature hath meal, and bran ; contempt, and grace.
I am not their father ; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me. 60

'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Aru. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Aru. You health.—So please you, sir.

Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods,
what lies I have heard !

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court :
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report !
The imperious seas breed monsters ; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.

I am sick still ; heart-sick : —Pisanio,

I'll now taste of thy drug.

Guid. I could not stir him :

He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate ;

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me : yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field :—

We'll leave you for this time ; go in, and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,

80

For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well, or ill,

I am bound to you.

[Exit IMOGEN.]

Bel. And shalt be ever.—

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he hath had
Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings !

Guid. But his neat cookery !

He cut our roots in characters ;

And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,

90

And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes

A smiling with a sigh : as if the sigh

Was that it was, for not being such a smile ;

The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly

From so divine a temple, to commix

With winds that sailors rail at.

Guid. I do note,

That grief and patience, rooted in him both,

Mingle their spurs together.

100

Arv.

Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine!

Bel. It is great morning. Come; away.—Who's
there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clot. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me:—I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet 110
I know 'tis he:—We are held as outlaws:—Hence.

Guid. He is but one:—You and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt BELARIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*

Clot. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

Guid. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave without a knock. 120

Clot. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.

Guid. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have
not I

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not

My

My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art ;
Why I should yield to thee ?

Clot. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes ?

Guid. No, nor thy tailor, rascal, 130
Who is thy grandfather ; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clot. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Guid. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool ;
I am loth to beat thee.

Clot. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Guid. What's thy name ? 140

Clot. Cloten, thou villain.

Guid. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it ; were it toad, adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clot. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know,
I am son to the queen.

Guid. I am sorry for't ; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clot. Art not afeard ? 150

Guid. Those that I reverence, those I fear ; the
wise :

At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clot. Die the death :
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,

I'll

I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
 And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:
 Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Fight, and exeunt.*]

Enter BELARIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world: You did mistake him,
 sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him, 160
 But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
 Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
 And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute,
 'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them:
 I wish my brother make good time with him,
 You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
 I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
 Of roaring terrors: For the effect of judgment 170
 Is oft the cause of fear—But see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, *with* CLOTEN's Head.

Guid. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse,
 There was no money in't: not Hercules
 Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
 Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
 My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Guid. I am perfect, what: cut off one Cloten's
 head,

Son

Son to the queen, after his own report ;
 Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer ; and swore,
 With his own single hand he'd take us in, 181
 Displace our heads, where thank the gods, they grow,
 And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Guid. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
 But, that he swore to take, our lives ? The law
 Protects not us ; Then why should we be tender
 To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us ?
 Play judge, and executioner, all himself ?
 For we do fear the law ? What company 190
 Discover you abroad ?

Bel. No single soul
 Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,
 He must have some attendants. Though his honour
 Was nothing but mutation ; ay, and that
 From one bad thing to worse ; not frenzy, not
 Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
 To bring him here alone : Although, perhaps,
 It may be heard at court, that such as we
 Cave here, hunt here, are out-laws, and in time 200
 May make some stronger head ; the which he hearing
 (As it is like him), might break out, and swear
 He'd fetch us in : yet is't not probable
 To come alone, either he so undertaking,
 Or they so suffering : then on good ground we
 fear,
 If we do fear this body hath a tail
 More perilous than the head.

Arr. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well. 210

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Guid. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw it into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reck. [Exit. 220

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:
'Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done't! though
valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arr. 'Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursu'd me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much,
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would, revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us
through,
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:—
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger 230
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
'Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arr. Poor sick Fidele!

I'll willingly to him : To gain his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Cloten's blood,
And praise myself for charity. [Exit.

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, thou thyself thou blazon'st 240
In these two princely boys ! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head ; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchain'd, as the rudest wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd ; honour untaught ;
Civility not seen from other ; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop 250
As if it had been sow'd ! Yet still it's strange,
What Cloten's being here to us portends ;
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Guid. Where's my brother ?
I have sent Cloten's clot-pole down the stream,
In embassy to his mother ; his body's hostage
For his return. [Solemn Musick.

Bel. My ingenious instrument !
Hark, Polydore, it sounds ! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion ? Hark ! 260

Guid. Is he at home ?

Bel. He went hence even now.

I

Guid.

Guid. What does he mean? since death of my dearest mother

It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, with IMOGEN as dead, bearing her in his Arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms, 270
Of what we blame him for!

Arr. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
And turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Guid. Oh sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O, melancholy! 280
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made;
but I,

Thou dy'dst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—
How found you him?

Arr.

Arr. Stark, as you see ;
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at : his right
cheek

Reposing on a cushion. 290

Guid. Where ?

Arr. O' the floor ;
His arms thus leagu'd : I thought, he slept ; and
put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rude-
ness

Answer'd my steps too loud.

Guid. Why, he but sleeps :
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed ;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arr. With fairest flowers, 300
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave : Thou shalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose ; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins ; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath : the ruddock would,
With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument !) bring thee all this ;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse. 311

Guid. Pr'ythee, have done ;
And do not play in wench-like words with that

Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

Arr. Say, where shall's lay him?

Guid. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arr. Be't so:

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices 320
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Guid. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee:
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arr. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less: for
Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys; 330
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that: Though mean and mighty,
rotting

Together, have one dust; yet reverence
(That angel of the world), doth make distinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Guid. Pray you, fetch him hither.

Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive. 340

Arr. If you'll go fetch him,

We'll

We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[Exit BELARIUS.]

Guid. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;
My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Guid. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So—Begin.

S O N G.

Guid. *Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,* 350
*Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Both golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.*

Arv. *Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak;
The sceptre, learning, physick, must
All follow this, and come to dust.*

Guid. *Fear no more the lightning-flash,* 360

Arv. *Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;*

Guid. *Fear not slander, censure rash;*

Arv. *Thou hast finish'd joy and moan;*

Both. *All lovers young, all lovers must*

Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Guid. *No exorciser harm thee!*

Arv. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee!*

Guid. *Ghost unlaid forbear thee!*

Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee!*

Both. *Quiet consummation have;*

370

And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the Body of CLOTEN.

Guid. We have done our obsequies. Come, lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers; but about midnight, more:

The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night,

Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their faces:—

You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so

These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—

Come on, away: apart upon our knees.

The ground, that gave them first, has them again:

Their pleasure here is past, so is their pain. [*Exeunt.*]

IMOGEN, *awaking.*

Imo. Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; Which is the way?— 381

I thank you.—By yon bush?—Pray, how far thither?

'Ods pittikins!—can it be six miles yet?—

I have gone all night:—'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.

But,

But, soft! no bedfellow :—O, gods and goddesses!
[Seeing the Body.]
 These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
 This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope, I dream;
 For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
 And cook to honest creatures: But 'tis not so;
 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing, 390
 Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes
 Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good
 faith,
 I tremble still with fear: But if there be
 Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
 As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
 The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
 Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
 A headless man!—The garments of Posthumus!
 I know the shape of his leg: this is his hand;
 His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh; 400
 The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face—
 Murder in heaven?—How?—'Tis gone.—Pisanio,
 All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
 Conspir'd with that irregular devil, Cloten,
 Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,
 Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio
 Hath with his forged letters—damn'd Pisanio—
 From this most bravest vessel of the world
 Struck the main-top!—O, Posthumus! alas, 410
 Where is thy head? where's that? Ay me! where's
 that?

Pisanio

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
 And left this head on.—How should this be? Pisanio?
 'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
 Have lay'd this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, preg-
 nant!

The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
 And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it home:
 This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!—
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood, 420
 That we the horrider may seem to those
 Which chance to find us: O, my lord! my lord!

Enter LUCIUS, Captains, &c. and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
 After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
 You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships:
 They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
 And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
 That promise noble service; and they come 430
 Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
 Syenna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
 Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present num-
 bers

Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir,
 What

What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods shew'd me a vision

(I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence): Thus:—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd 441
From the spungy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sun-beams: which portends
(Unless my sins abuse my divination),
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather:
For nature doth abhor to make his bed 451
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young
one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded: Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it, Who is it? 461
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very

A very valiant Briton, and a good,
 That here by mountaineers lies slain :—Alas !
 There are no more such masters : I may wander
 From east to occident, cry out for service,
 Try many, all good, serve truly, never
 Find such another master. 470

Luc. 'Lack, good youth !
 Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
 Thy master in bleeding : Say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do lie, and do
 No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope [*Aside.*
 They'll pardon it. Say you, sir ?

Luc. Thy name.

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same :
 Thy name well fits thy faith ; thy faith, thy name.
 Wilt take thy chance with me ? I will not say, 481
 Thou shalt be so well master'd ; but, be sure,
 No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
 Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
 Than thine own worth prefer thee : Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But, first, an't please the gods,
 I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
 As these poor pick-axes can dig : and when
 With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his
 grave,

And on it said a century of prayers, 490
 Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh ;
 And, leaving so his service, follow you,
 So please you entertain me.

Luc.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
 And rather father thee, than master thee.—
 My friends,
 The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
 Find out the prettiest daizy'd plot we can,
 And make him with our pikes and partizans
 A grave: Come, arm him.—Boy, he is preferr'd
 By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd, 501
 As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
 Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

*Cymbeline's Palace. Enter CYMBELINE, Lords,
 and PISANIO.*

Cym. Again; and bring me word, how 'tis with
 her.
 A fever with the absence of her son;
 A madness, of which her life's in danger:—Heavens,
 How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
 The great part of my comfort, gone: my queen
 Upon a desperate bed; and in a time
 When fearful wars point at me: her son gone, 510
 So needful for this present: It strikes me, past
 The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
 Who needs must know of her departure, and
 Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
 By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is your's,

I humbly

I humbly set it at your will : But, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your high-
ness,

Hold me your loyal servant. 520

Lord. Good my liege,

The day that she was missing, he was here :

I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform

All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten—

There wants no diligence in seeking him,

And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome ;

We'll slip you for a season ; but our jealousy

[To PISANIO.

Does yet depend.

Lord. So please your majesty,

530

The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,

Are landed on your coast ; with a supply

Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son, and queen!—

I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my liege,

Your preparation can affront no less

Than what you hear of : come more, for more you're

ready :

The want is, but to put these powers in motion,

That long to move. 540

Cym. I thank you : Let's withdraw ;

And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not

What can from Italy annoy us ; but

We

We grieve at chances here.—Away. [Exeunt.

Pis. I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him, Imogen was slain: 'Tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings: Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work: 550
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.
[Exit.

SCENE IV.

*Before the Cave. Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and
ARVIRAGUS.*

Guid. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

Guid. Nay, what hope 560
Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.

To the king's party there's no going : newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, nor muster'd
Among the bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd ; and so extort from us that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death,
Drawn on with torture. 572

Guid. This is, sir, a doubt,
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note, 580
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army : many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore
him

From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves ;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life ; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and 590
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Guid. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army :
I and my brother are not known ; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot

Cannot be question'd.

Arr. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither: What thing is it, that I never
Did see man die? scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?
Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had 601
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel? I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Guid. By heavens, I'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by 610
The hands of Romans!

Arr. So say I; Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys:
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead.—The time seems long; their blood thinks
scorn, [Aside.
Till it fly out, and shew them princes born.

[Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Field, between the British and Roman Camps. Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody Handkerchief.

Posthumus.

Y E A, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee ; for I wish'd
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
For wrying but a little?—O, Pisanio !
Every good servant does not all commands :
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods ! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this : so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent ; and struck 10
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But,
alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults ; that's love,
To have them fall no more : you some permit
To second ill with ill, each elder worse ;
And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.
But Imogen is your own : Do your best wills,
And make me blest to obey !—I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom : 'Tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress ; peace ! 20
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear

Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me
 Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
 As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
 Against the part I come with; so I'll die
 For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
 Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
 Pity'd nor hated, to the face of peril
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me than my habits show. 30
 Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
 To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
 The fashion, less without, and more within. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman Army at one Door; and the British Army at another; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following it like a poor Soldier. They march over, and go out. Then enter again in Skirmish IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: he vanquishes and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness, and guilt, within my bosom
 Takes off my manhood: I have bely'd a lady,
 The princess of this country, and the air on't
 Revengingly enfeebles me; Or could this carle,
 A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me,
 In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
 As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn. 40
 If that thy gentry, Britain, go before

K i i j

This

This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [*Exit.*

The Battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken: then enter to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the
ground;
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The villany of our fears.

Guid. Arv. Stand, stand, and fight!

Enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons. They rescue CYMBELINE, and Exeunt. Then, enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself:

For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: Or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Field. Enter POSTHUMUS, and a British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the
stand?

Post.

Post. I did:

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: The king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken, 60
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with
turf; 70

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier—
An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his country;—athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings (lads more like to run
The country base, than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame),
Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled,
Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men: 80

*To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save,*

But

But to look back in frown: stand, stand.—These three,
 Three thousand confident, in act as many
 (For three performers are the file, when all
 The rest do nothing), with this word, *stand, stand,*
 Accommodated by the place, more charming
 With their own nobleness (which could have turn'd
 A distaff to a lance), gilded pale looks, 90
 Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd
 coward

But by example (O, a sin in war,
 Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grin like lions
 Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
 A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,
 A rout, confusion thick: Forthwith they fly
 Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
 The strides they victors made: And now our cowards
 (Like fragments in hard voyages, became 100
 The life o' the need), having found the back-door
 open

Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!
 Some, slain before; some, dying; some, their
 friends

O'er-borne i' the former wave: ten, chac'd by one,
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
 Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown
 The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:
 A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: You are made
 Rather

Rather to wonder at the things you hear, 111
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
*Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.*

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too. 120
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewel; you are angry. [Exit.

Post. Still going?—This is a lord! O noble misery!
To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me!
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To have sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do't,
And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel him, where he struck: Being an ugly
monster,

'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we 131
That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find
him:

For, being now a favourer to the Roman,
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
The part I came in: Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the answer be

Britons

Britons must take : For me, my ransom's death ;
 On either side I come to spend my breath ; 140
 Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
 But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1 *Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd ! Lucius is taken ;
 'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
 That gave the affront with them.

1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported ;
 But none of them can be found.—Stand ! Who's
 there ?

Post. A Roman ;
 Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
 Had answer'd him. 151

2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him ; A dog !
 A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
 What crows have peck'd them here : He brags his
 service

As if he were of note : bring him to the king.

*Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, AR-
 VIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman Captives. The
 Captains present POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE, who
 delivers him over to a Gaoler : after which all go out.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

A Prison. Enter POSTHUMUS, and two Gaolers.

1 *Gaol.* You shall not now be stolen, you have locks
upon you ;

So, graze, as you find pasture.

2 *Gaol.* Ay, or a stomach. [*Exeunt Gaolers.*

Post. Most welcome, bondage ! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty : Yet am I better 160

Than one that's sick o' the gout ; since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd

By the sure physician, death ; who is the key

To unbar these locks. My conscience ! thou art
fetter'd

More than my shanks, and wrists : You good gods,
give me

The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,

Then, free for ever ! Is't enough, I am sorry ?

So children temporal fathers do appease ;

Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent ?

I cannot do it better than in gyves, 170

Desir'd, more than constrain'd : to satisfy,

If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take

No stricter render of me, than my all.

I know, you are more clement than vile men,

Who of their broken debtors take a third,

A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again

On their abatement ; that's not my desire :

For Imogen's dear life, take mine ; and though

'Tis

'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it :
 'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp ;
 Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake ; 181
 You rather mine, being yours : And so, great powers,
 If you will take this audit, take this life,
 And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen !
 I'll speak to thee in silence. [He sleeps.]

Solemn Musick. Enter, as in an Apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, Father to POSTHUMUS, an old Man, attired like a Warrior; leading in his Hand an ancient Matron, his Wife, and Mother to POSTHUMUS, with Musick before them. Then, after other Musick, follow the two young LEONATI, Brothers to POSTHUMUS, with Wounds as they died in the Wars. They circle POSTHUMUS round, as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, shew
 Thy spite on mortal flies :
 With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
 That thy adulteries
 Rates, and revenges. 190
 Hath my poor boy done ought but well,
 Whose face I never saw ?
 I dy'd, whilst in the womb he stay'd,
 Attending Nature's law.
 Whose father then (as men report,
 Thou orphan's father art)
 Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
 From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,

But

But took me in my throes ; 200
That from me was Posthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity !
Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel ; 210
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity ?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen ?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy, 220
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy ;
And to become the geck and scorn
O' the other's villany ?

2 *Bro.* For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain ;
Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,

L

With

With honour to maintain. 230

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath

To Cymbeline perform'd :

Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,

Why hast thou thus adjourn'd

The graces for his merits due ;

Being all to dolours turn'd ?

Sici. Thy chrystal window ope ; look out ;

No longer exercise,

Upon a valiant race, thy harsh

And potent injuries. 240

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,

Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion ; help !

Or we poor ghosts will cry

To the shining synod of the rest,

Against thy deity.

2 *Broth.* Help, Jupiter ; or we appeal,

And from thy justice fly.

Jupiter descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting upon an Eagle: he throws a Thunder-Bolt. The Ghosts fall on their Knees.

Jupit. No more, you petty spirits of region low,

Offend our hearing ; hush ! — How dare you,

ghosts, 250

Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,

Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts ?

Poor shadows of Elysium, hence ; and rest

Upon your never-withering banks of flowers :

Be

Be not with mortal accidents oppress'd;

No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.

Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,

The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;

Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift;

His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent. 260

Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in

Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—

He shall be lord of lady Imogen,

And happier much by his affliction made.

This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein

Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;

And so, away: no farther with your din

Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—

Mount eagle to my palace chrystalline. [*Ascends.*

Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath 270

Was sulphurous to smell; the holy eagle

Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is

More sweet than our blest fields: his royal bird

Prunes the immortal wing, and cloyes his beak,

As when his god is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd

His radiant roof:—Away! and, to be blest

Let us with care perform his great behest. [*Vanish.*

Post. [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire,

and begot 280

A father to me: and thou hast created

A mother, and two brothers: But (O scorn!)

Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born.

And so I am awake.—Poor wretches, that depend
 On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;
 Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:
 Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
 And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
 That have this golden chance, and know not why.
 What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, rare
 —one! 290

Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
 Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
 So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
 As good as promise.

[Reads.]

*When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, with-
 out seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air;
 and when from a stately cedar shall be lopt branches,
 which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be
 jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall
 Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and
 flourish in peace and plenty.* 301

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
 Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
 Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
 As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
 The action of my life is like it, which
 I'll keep if but for sympathy.

Re-enter

Re-enter Gaolers.

Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cook'd.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot. 313

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir: But the comfort is, you shall be call'd to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink: sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty: the brain the heavier, for being too light; the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness: O! of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge:—Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows. 328

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ach: But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer: for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

L i i j

Gaol.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head then ; I have not seen him so pictur'd : you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know ; or take upon yourself that, which I am sure you do not know ; or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril : and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think, you'll never return to tell one. 342

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness ! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles ; bring your prisoner to the king. 350

Post. Thou bring'st good news ; I am call'd to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler ; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt Post. and Messenger.*]

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman : and there be some of them too, that die against their wills ; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good ; O, there were desolation of gaolers, and

and gallowses! I speak against my present profit: but my wish hath a preferment in't. [Exit.]

SCENE V.

CYMBELINE's Tent. Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my side, you, whom the gods have made

Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stept before targe of proof, cannot be found:

He shall be happy that can find him, if 370

Our grace can make him so,

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and
living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add 380
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,

[To BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.
By whom, I grant, she lives: 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are:—report it.

Bel.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen :
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees :
Arise my knight's o' the battle ; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you 390
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS, and Ladies.

There's business in these faces :—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory ? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king !
To sour your happiness ; I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become ? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death 400
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she ?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life ;
Which being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
I will report, so please you : These her women
Can trip me, if I err ; who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you ; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you : 410
Married your royalty, was wife to your place ;
Abhorr'd

Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this :

And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight ; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison. 420

Cym. O most delicate fiend !
Who is't can read a woman ?—Is there more ?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she
had
For you a mortal mineral ! which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,
By inches waste you : In which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her shew : yes, and in time
(When she had fitted you with her craft), to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown. 430
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate ; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes ; repented
The ills she hatch'd were not effected ; so,
Despairing, dy'd.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women ?

Lady. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful ;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery ; nor my heart, 440
That

That thought her like her seeming ; it had been
vicious,
To have mistrusted her : yet, O my daughter !
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all !

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and other Roman Prisoners ;
POSTHUMUS behind, and IMOGEN.*

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute ; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one ; whose kinsmen have made suit,
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted :
So, think of your estate. 450

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war ; the day
Was your's by accident ; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cold, have
threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come : sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer :
Augustus lives to think on't : And so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat ; My boy, a Briton born, 460
Let him be ransom'd : never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like : let his virtue join

With

With my request, which, I'll make bold, your high-
 ness
 Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
 Though he have serv'd a Roman: save him, sir,
 And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him;
 His favour is familiar to me:—Boy, 470
 Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace, and art
 Mine own. I know not why, wherefore, I say,
 Live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live;
 And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
 Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it;
 Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
 The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
 And yet, I know, thou wilt. 480

Imo. No, no; alack,
 There's other work in hand; I see a thing
 Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
 Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
 He leaves me, scorns me: Briefly die their joys,
 That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
 Why stands he so perplex'd?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy? 489
 I love thee more and more; think more and more
 What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on?
 speak,
 Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness; who, being born your
vassal,

Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name? 500

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: Walk with me; speak freely.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN walk aside.

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arr. One sand another

Not more resembles: That sweet rosy lad,
Who dy'd, and was Fidele—What think you?

Guid. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! I see further; he eyes us not;
forbear;

Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure 510

He would have spoke to us.

Guid. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent; let's see further.

Pis. It is my mistress: [Aside.

Since she is living, let the time run on,

To good, or bad. [CYM. and IMO. come forward.

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;

Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, step you forth;

[To IACHIMO.

Give

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it, 520
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to
him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him? [*Aside.*

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it your's?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me? 530

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
which

Torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel,
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may
grieve thee,
As it doth me) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my
lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember—Give me leave; I faint. 540

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy
strength:
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

M

Iach.

Iach. Upon a time (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome (accurs'd
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast (O, 'would
Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least,
Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Posthumus
(What should I say? he was too good, to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all 550
Amongst the rar'st of good ones) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak: for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness, which strikes the eye:—

Cym. I stand on fire: 560
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.—This Post-
humus
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover), took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd (therein
He was as calm as virtue), he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description 570
Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.—
He

He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
 And she alone were cold: Whereat, I, wretch!
 Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him
 Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
 Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
 In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
 By her's and mine adultery: he, true knight, 580
 No lesser of her honour confident
 Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
 And would so, had it been a carbuncle
 Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
 Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
 Post I in this design: Well may you, sir,
 Remember me at court, where I was taught
 Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
 'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quench'd
 Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain 590
 'Gan in your duller Britain operate
 Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
 And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
 That I return'd with similar proof enough
 To make the noble Leonatus mad,
 By wounding his belief in her renown
 With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
 Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet
 (O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks
 Of secret on her person, that he could not 600
 But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
 I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon—
 Methinks, I see him now—

Post. Ay, so thou do'st,

[*Coming forward.*

M i j

Italian

Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,
 Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
 That's due to all the villains past, in being,
 To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
 Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
 For torturers ingenious: it is I 610
 That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
 By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
 That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;
 That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
 A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple
 Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
 Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
 The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
 Be call'd, Posthumus Leonatus; and
 Be villany less than 'twas!—O Imogen! 620
 My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
 Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear——

Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful
 page,

There lie thy part. [*Striking her, she falls.*]

Pis. O, gentlemen, help
 Mine, and your mistress—O, my lord Posthumus!
 You ne'er kill'd Imogen 'till now:—Help, help!—
 Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round? 630

Post. How come these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
 To death with mortal joy.

Pis.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady, the gods throw stones of sulphur on
me, if 640

That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods!—

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: If Pisanio
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat. 650

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again 660
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,
There was our error.—

Guid. This is sure Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you ?
Think, that you are upon a rock ! and now
Throw me again.

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
'Till the tree die ! 670

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child ?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act ?
Wilt thou not speak to me ?

Imo. Your blessing, sir. [Kneeling.

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame you
not ;
You had a motive for't. [To GUID. and ARVI.

Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy water on thee ! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord. 680

Cym. O, she was naught ; and long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely : But her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn ; foam'd at the mouth, and
swore,

If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death : By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's 690
Then in my pocket ; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford ;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which

Which he enforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him,
I further know not.

Guid. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forefend! 700
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Guid. I have spoke it, and I did it,

Cym. He was a prince.

Guid. A most uncivil one: The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not standing here 710
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: Thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king:
This man is better than the man he slew, 720
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone; [*To the guard.*
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

Arr. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

730

Bel. We will die all three:
But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For my own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arr. Your danger's ours.

Guid. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then.—
By leave;—Thou had'st, great king, a subject, who
Was call'd Belarius.

740

Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence;
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

750

Cym. Nursing of my sons!

Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy: Here's my knee:
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,

These

These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue? 760

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my near offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such, and so they are) these twenty years
Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't; 771
Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For that which I did then: Beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason: Their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world:—
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars. 781

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service, that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st: I lost my children;
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while.—
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as your's, is true Guiderius :
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus, 790
Your younger princely son ; he, sir, was lap'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen-mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star ;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he ;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp :
It was wise nature's end in the donation, 800
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three ? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more :—Blest may you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now !—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord ;
I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met ? O never say hereafter, 810
But I am truest speaker : you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister ; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet ?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Guid. And at first meeting lov'd ;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!

When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which 821
Distinction should be rich in.—Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,
Will serve our long interrogatories. See, 830
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers; me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy: the counter-change
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices—
Thou art my brother; So we'll hold thee ever.

[To BELARIUS.

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'er-joy'd, 840
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd

The

The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three 850
In poor beseeeming; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd:—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again:
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee, [*Kneels.*
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but, your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith. 860

Post. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you, is to spare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you: Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd;
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arr. You help us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are. 870

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer: As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shews
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it: let him shew

His

His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus—— 880

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Soothsayer reads.

When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopt branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp; 890

The fit and apt construction of thy name,

Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.

The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,

[To CYMBELINE.]

Which we call *mollis aër*; and *mollis aër*

We term it *mulier*: which *mulier*, I divine,

Is this most constant wife; [To Post.] who, even now,

Answering the letter of the oracle,

Unknown to you, unsought, were clip'd about

With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming. 900

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,

Personates thee: and thy lopt branches point

Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius stolen,

For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,

To the majestick cedar join'd; whose issue

Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,
My peace we will begin :—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire ; promising 910
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen ;
On whom heaven's justice (both on her, and her's),
Hath lay'd most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd : For the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft, 920
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd : which fore-shew'd, our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods ;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars ! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward : Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave 930
Friendly together ; so through Lud's town march ;
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify ; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there :—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

A S O N G,

*A SONG, sung by GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS
over FIDELE, supposed to be dead.*

By Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS.

1.

*To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
Soft maids, and village hinds shall bring
Each op'ning sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.*

2.

*No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove:
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.*

3.

*No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.*

4.

*The red-breast oft at ev'ning hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.*

When

5.

*When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or midst the chace on ev'ry plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.*

6.

*Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Belov'd, 'till life could charm no more;
And mourn'd, 'till pity's self be dead.*

THE END.



CHINESE

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Shakespeare, William, / Johnson, Samuel, / Steevens, George,

Cymbeline

London 1786

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